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Be Careful What You Wish For

[devil?](#) [or](#) [angel](#)

208 31 25

Chapter 1 by Astrid

I stared at the stone marker. The name on it was 'Leia Wallace'. My mom. She had been dead for only a few days, but it seemed like forever ago. I wished for nothing more than to see her again. Later, I would wish I had never wished for anything at all.

Chapter 2 by Maeve Dogmeat



Some people say it's Fate. Others say it's Destiny. For me, I think it's the Devil.

You see, a week ago, a knock came upon my door.

I was home alone, so I decided to not answer the door. The knocking turned into banging. Thinking that my mom lost her keys, I got up to answer the door.

A loud whoosh filled the air as I opened the door. I saw the figure for a split second before the air rippled and the figure disappeared in it.

However, the image of the figure is forever embedded in my mind. He wore a red suit, but his

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I looked down and faintly

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Chapter 2 by Maeve Dogmeat



I hurriedly tried to make the blood go away by rubbing on it with my sneaker. The blood remained there, reminding me that it was real. I shut the door quickly, and spun around to face the Devil. He didn't have blood in his mouth, and his eyes were piercing blue. He looked like a normal man. He purred as I met his eyes.

"Don't be afraid, dear child," he leaned forward and whispered in my ear. I was too shocked to move, and I just stared into the blank space as he walked around me. "You'll want me soon. I will come when you call," he spoke louder now, confidently.

"Why would I want to summon you?" I whispered, finally finding the courage to speak to the Devil himself. I felt his eyes pierce my soul as he cocked his head.

"Because I can grant any wishes, child," he winked. He opened his jacket, and he took out a card. He calmly gave me it. As I read it, he disappeared as quickly as he came.

"Wait! What are you?!" My question echoed in the empty house. The card said, "Mister Crowley, Soul Collector. Just wish and it will come true!"

The next day, the incident had faded into my mind. I arrived home, to see my mom with her arms crossed. She had this scowl on her face, and I knew it was something bad.

"It's your grades, Jackie," she tapped her foot. I have been failing my junior year because I just didn't care anymore.

"And what, mom?" I scoffed.

"Until you can improve your grades, you will not be going to the prom," she stopped tapping her foot. She stood her ground, scowling at me. Anger sparked in me, and I balled my fists.

"You can't do that," I growled and resisted the urge to scream at her, throw chairs at her, and to run away.

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I have had grades. It makes me

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"Mom, you had to make it."

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of my eyes. "Sometimes I

wish you were dead!" I him again, and he just laughed.

She gasped, and she looked down. "I love you, Jackie. I want what's the best for your future. I need to give you some time alone," she looked away, refusing to let me see her weakness. She sniffled, and wiped away her tears.

Now, I stared at the stone marker. The name on it was 'Leia Wallace'. My mom. She had been dead for only a few days, but it seemed like forever ago.

Suddenly, I heard clicking from the distance, and I turned around to look at the source.

Chapter 4 by -



He was here.

Dressed this time in an all white suit. Ironic considering he was the DEVIL. The clicking noise I heard was the sound of his cane hitting the ground. Every other step, he placed it upon the ground. HARD.

Step, Click

Step, Click

Step, Click

This time, his eyes were an effervescent red, shining with the darkness of evil. As soon as I looked his way, however, his eyes were blue again.

'Why did you do it? Why kill my mom? She was all I had left.'

'Why did 'I' do it? But you ask me to. Don't you remember? You said, (and I quote), 'Sometimes I wish you were dead'. Do those words ring a bell? You have no one to blame but yourself.'

'But I didn't mean it. People say things all of the time that they don't mean. Especially teenagers. I loved my mom, and I never wanted her dead. Please bring her back. I'll do anything!'

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Did I just say? Well I better edit that

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If you really want your mom back, click here to log in or sign up. If you do not want to change your mind, click here to go back to the main menu.

Here is what you have to do to bring your mom back.....

Chapter 5 by -



"If you bring my mom back, will she be the same? What about the people who went to her funeral? What do I tell them? And how will I explain all of this to my mom?", I asked, a million, no make that a **gazillion** questions running through my mind.

"QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS, QUESTIONS! You don't have the *right* to be asking questions, as it was **YOU** who wished for her demise, in the first place. Let's not forget that one little tidbit of information. The devil sneered at me with those weird eyes of his, completely satisfied that he had me over a barrel. My fate, as well as my mom's, was totally in his control and he almost glowered with the knowledge.

"If you really want your mom back, and complete your end of the bargain, then everything that happened up until your mom's death, will be erased. Like her dying never happened. Do we have a deal?"

I hesitate. GOD,,, I so want my mom back. I really do. But am I ready to fulfill this bastard's demands? And am I strong enough? Can I do whatever evil thing he's going to ask, no demand, of me?

I take a deep breath and make the biggest deal of my life. Or will it be the biggest mistake of my life?

Chapter 6 by Alex Lungu



"You don't need to do that."

Those words came from behind me with a warm tone as I opened my mouth prepared to say the magic words. I turned around to find a men dressed in a white suit approaching us. He presented himself as an angel named Callus.

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As he was talking, he was looking around, eyes wide, confused and a little bit of memory

"God has sent me to tell you His apologies and, as a token, He will grant you one wish. You can request anything you want in this world, but your mother will have to stay with us."

I hesitated again. As I looked into Callius' blue eyes, I felt a heavy hand tapping my left shoulder.

"Can you REALLY trust this 'GOD' he is speaking about? He just showed you how much he cares about your relationship with your mother, by sending his subordinate to take care of his things. And he took your mother for himself, as his treasure. Isn't that a little too... selfish?? I mean, maybe I get this wrong but, wasn't he supposed to help you, to make you happier, not sadder? Is this 'GOD' he is talking about even real?"

I took some steps back, away from Devil. I looked at them one more time, they looked very alike. I thought that maybe Mr Crowley was right. How can I know for sure that the man standing in front of me is an angel? Moreover, he didn't have wings at all and what is an angel without his wings?

After some moments of thinking, I was finally ready to make a decision, when 'the angel' spoke again.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8

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